But, if the truth I must tell, She fretted and pined because John And h's business was s ow to pay; But he only said when she talked of change, "We'll stick to the good old way."

She saw her neighbors were growing rich, And dwelling in houses grand; That she was living in poverty, With wealth upon every hand: And she urged her husband to speculate To risk his earnings at play; But he only said: "My dearest wife. We'll stick to the good old way."

For he knew that the money that's quickly

Is the money that's quickly lost, And the money that stays is the money earned at honest endeavor's cost; So he plodded along in his bonest style, And he bestered himself each day; And be only said to his fretful wife,

'We'll stick to the good old way.' And at last there came a terrible crash, When bergary, want and shame Came down on the homes of their wealthy

friends. While John's remained the same For he had no debts and he gave no trust. "My motto is this:" he'd say-"It's a charm against panies of every kind-"Tis stick to the good old way."

And his wife looked round on the little house That was every nail their own, And she asked for forgiveness of honest John For the peevish mistrust she had shown; But he only said as her tearful face Upon his shoulder lay:

"The good old way is the best way, wife-We'll stick to the good old way."

#### CART WHEELS.

Kate Foote, in Independent.

Sam Hollister was born at sea, and his mother died when he was still a ; ery little baby. His father was captain of the vessel, a bark sailing from New York to China. He was so fond of Sam's mother and of Sam, that when she died he could not bear to lose sight of the baby; so he kept him on board, and he had sailed half round the world before he was six months old. The first officer of the vessel was as much a lover of children as the captain; and, with the aid of a good cow, Master Sam grew apace, waxed fat, and was the joy of his lonely father's heart, and in a less years old he was at the time this story begins. In all those years he had been on land never longer at once than a month. During that month he had visited some little cousins who lived in-land, out of sight of the ocean; and they had been greatly amused at his sailor words and ways, and his stories of the strange things he had seen, and feet. He put out one hand to Sam, and Sam was equally delighted with games and pleasures which were old to his cousins, but new to him.

"What makes you walk a little stiffkneed, and with your feet so far apart?" asked one of the land-children.
"Why, you have to," replied the sea-

child, sturdily, "or get carried into the lee scuppers heels up."

Then his cousins had to learn what scuppers were, and which was the leeinstead of up-stairs; and these latter he heard of before. His cousins were fascinated with stories of China, and thought the Chinese lived in a delightful atmosphere of constant cracker-firing, and kite-flying; and occasionally Sam would puzzle them by talking pigeon-English, which he had learned from the compradore and the Chinese men who helped load his father's vessel.

When Sam went away there was mach mutual sorrow, and the children gave him a little cart, for which he had contracted a great affection, and in which he had dragged about the minutest cousin of the bunch—a little darkeyed, rosy-cheeked girl, two years old, who was as happy to ride as Sam was to be her horse. He would have taken the little girl, too, as the wagon did not seem quite perfect without her in it; but she did not make any such offer, and he was shy about asking favors. He transferred his regards as much as sible to the cart, and took it with possible to the cart, and took it with him on board the ship. It was rather an awkward plaything there; but on pleasant days, when there was not much wind, and the ship was sailing with an even keel, he used to draw it about the deck. But he always drew it empty; he never put anything in it. His father noticed this one day, and

."Why don't you put something into your cart, my boy? You ought to have an object even in your play. Take those marlin-spikes forward to where the men are going to work, when they have had their dinner" "But I can't" said Sam, speaking in

confidential tone. "Annie is in there.' "On no!" said Capt. Hollister.

There are three hundred miles of water between you and her; besides fifty miles of dry land." "I know it," said Sam, nodding

anything else, you know,"
This amused his father so much that he did not urge the point, and Sam played with his cart and the memory of his pretty cousin thenceforth unmo-

They arrived at Hong Kong and unloaded, and then took in some Chinese freight and went up to Nu Chuang, a town near the northern frontier of China. They had been at this port two years before, when Sam was but four

"I was a little chap when we were ashore with you?'

His father's face wore the amused ook it had the day he learned why Sam always drow his cart empty. "Are you older?" said he. "Of course von have a sweetheart, now

and that always gives one a feeling of Sam did not know in the least what his father meant, and looked at him

blankly, as a child always does when his elders are talking of incomprehensible things. "Yes, you may go; but remember

and stay by me always, and keep your | rot, the little wagon, with its shining weather eye open, so as not to get into scrapes. The next day Sam stepped into s

boat with his father, and was rowed ashore, feeling very manly and respon-sible. They stopped at the Custom House, and then went into the comp-

radore's store; and the fat Chinese man in charge talked to the "lilly Melican mannee," as he called Sam, in queen pigeon English, and made him a pres ent of a toy and some sweet cakes, which Sam received, with great dignity and condescension, as rather beneath a person of his age. Then they strolled about the streets. They were some what troubled with the city dogs, who seemed to know they were strangers and ran after them in crowds, barking savagely, and even snapping at them f a chance offered.

Capt. Hollister drove off the howling logs with a stout cane he carried, and bey reached the outskirts of the town Here a Tartar caravan was coming in and Sam stopped to look at them There were ten or twelve large wooder carts, with skin or canvas tops, and no springs, drawn by great mules. The nen who drove were a wild-looking set with long black beards and mous inches: dressed in full trowsers, tucked into for boots, with long, loose, for rimmed coats, more like dressing rowns than overcoats, and with flat ound, or peaked caps, also trimmed with for. inside the carts were wo men and children, some kettles and pans, (the household furniture,) and great piles of furs of all kinds. The men bunt and trap wild animals al winter, and in the spring come down to Nu Chuang to exchange the skins

for tea, tobseco and cloth. Sam fixed his eyes on the carts a once. They were much larger than his: but they were carts, and, as such were bjects of interest. Boy-like, he began to wander in among them, while his father conversed, through the aid of an interpreter, with two of the drivers, Sam made several discoveries that astonished his youthful mind very much The wheels of the carts were great solid disks of wood, with a hole cut through the center, in which the axle was firmly set, instead of a wheel made with hub and spokes, felloes, and an iron tire. The edge was thickly studded with great nails, instead of a tire; and instead of the wheel turning round on the axle, the axle was made to turn with the wheel. It was almost incom rehensible to Sam that this could be His own beloved cart he had taken to pieces so often, and learned all its parts so well, that this seemed the most awk ward arrangement that could be imag-

He was gazing at it full of pity, when he saw a small pair of worn fur shoes. followed by two little legs, appearing slowly from above him, at the end of the wagon he was studying, followed shortly after by the body belonging to those legs; and when it was all down measure of the crew. Time went on, on the ground, it proved to be a Tartar and the baby grew into a boy. Six baby, about three years old. The Yankee and the Tartar looked at each other with great astonishment. Sam noticed the high cheek bones, which seemed to squeeze up the little black eyes, and make them long and narrow; the little band of black hair fringing his forehead, below his pointed cap; his red cheeks, and his stumpy little legs and then drew it back, and tucked one of

his fingers in the corner of his mouth. Sam's heart warmed to him at once the sea-child had had so few play fellows. Sam said, "Good morning;" and the infant replied with a delicious little gurgle, showing a row of white teeth, and a remark in infantile Tartar, which undoubtedly meant, "How do you do?" Sam responded by holding out the gor ward side of a vessel. Sam called a given him. This was favorably received a "bucket," the kitchen a "galed with another gurgle. The child's mother now came down from the cart geously painted toy the compradore nad and gazed amiably at Sam; and when always called the "companion way," he gave her offspring a cake, she also until he learned better. And he filled smiled and said something Sam did not his pockets with pebbles, because throw-understand. Then the baby and he had clerk in the postoffice, came to board with the postoffice. a game of bo-peep; and after that the acquaintance went on, until they became quite intimate. Sam was allowed to go from the ship with some one nearly every day for a week, to play for an hour or two with his little friend. His name was quite unpronounceable to an American mouth, so he was christened the Khan of Tartary, by Capt. Hollister. Finally Sam wished to give the Khan a ride in his precious wagon, sure that not only the baby, but all their spectators, would be struck by the novelty of its construction.

"You see, father, they do not have any such things. Look at their wheels! They are nothing but pieces of wood! But when they see my cart, and the way the wheels go round -oh father!" and Sam gazed fixedly at him, as if he were thinking of the way that the Tartars would be strack by its fine mechanism.

Capt. Hollister smiled and looked a little mischeivous. "I believe you think you will revolutionize the whole system of machinery in the Tartar nation, and introduce modern wheels among them. Sam looked a little blank, as he al-

ways did when his father talked above his level; but adhered to his leading idea. His father began another kind of argument

"Do you think Annie would like this yellow-faced Kahn of Tartary to ride in her cart?' "Yes," said Sam, stoutly. Kahn looks like a little boy she used to

play with when I was not there." "Oh! oh!" said the Captain. "What magnanimity! Well, we will take the cart. It will be as convenient to carry as an elephant or a powder mill," he said, half vexed and half amused, as "I know it," said Sam, nodding; and came near falling overboard, but she's in there, and I can't put in However, they got it ashore safely; and Sam drew it proudly after him through the streets, where it attracted some attention from the natives, and a great deal from the dogs, who seemed to consider it as an insult especially intended for their race. They barked and growled and jumped at it, and Capt. Hollister had more difficulty than usual in keeping them off. Finally a free use of the can ; persuaded them to retire; and they hurried to the

place where the caravan was camped. The Kahn was as delighted to se the cart as Sam could have wished. here before, " said he. I am a great He went all over it with his fingers, deal older, now, father. Cannot I go and felt of it; turned it up on one side and spun the wheels round, with shricks of joy at the way they whirled; tried to pick it up, tripped and fell on it, and stoutly refused to cry, although he got a bang on the head from the fall Then Sam persuaded him to get in and ride. This was joy beyond any capacity for the youthful mind to express.

He sat with mouth wide open, his little black eyes nearly shut up, two fat hands grasping the sides; but he made no sound as Sam rattled past the paternal cart, in all its clumsiness. and down the nearest street, a fast wheels and yellow spokes, showing well in the sun, and the men and wo-men of the caravan looking after them with admiring glances. But, as they neared the corner of the first cross street, a sound of baying and the pat-ter of a thousand feet broke on their

ears; and in another moment round the corner surged a melee of dogsnearly every one in the town, as if th advent of the cart had been an insult which they must all help wipe out-s growling, snarling, red-throated, bristling, dangerous looking crowd. Sam knew the danger, and threw himself upon the Khan, face downward, striking out valiantly with his hands and a stout pair of boots that came well up on hi-iegs. Every man and woman of the onlooking Tartar camp, with Capt Holister at the head, bore down for heir defense; and when they met the dogs the screaming was that of ten

thousand fiend .. At first there were so many dogs all anxions to be foremost, that the impetus of their rash and the pre sure of those behind carried them on, and no dog had a fair chance for a good bite a the children; and two minutes later there was the Tartar crowd, with sticks and staves, each one good for two or hree dogs, however strong and fierce the animals might be. There was a errific fight of full five minutes, and hen the dogs began to thin out a little, and the noise died down, somewhat, And the Tartars and the Captain, shouting "Hurrah!" in Yankee and Fartar, swung their sticks still more igorously, and in a few seconds more drove the last of them scouring down the street, while a dozen at least lay dead and dying on the ground. Sam and the Khan realized the victory when they found themselves unitedly hugged by a Tartar man and woman, smelling of strong brandy and hides, while the Captain circulated outside of them, trying to get a sight at the Yankee part of the group; and the little cart, alas! lay on the ground in pieces too numerous ever to be picked up. On examination, Sam was found to be somewhat torn and scratched, but not hurt at all. The Khan, though some what flattened by Sam overlaying him was entirely sound, and only began to crv when he saw the destruction of the little cart. His grief was so earnest, and his tears so numerous, that Sam was a little comforted, and he picked up the wheels, and, with a gentle sigh, gave them to the small boy, who hugged them in his arms in a way that looked as if he would probably take them to bed with him that night. Sam's father exchanged congratulations and farewells with the Khan's father and mother, by signs and smiles; and then, taking his little boy's hand, they set off to the ship, the Khan sending a great pursting sob over his mother's shoulder, as his share of the good-byes. The ship was to sail the next day, and it was the last time the children ever

#### The Day Boarder.

N. Y. Sunday Times.
"You take a woman." broke in the day boarder, "you take a woman on the war-path and it just beats all how deceitful she can be." Here he flourished his fork over the foundation of what had been a noble pile of buckwheat cakes with a sort of "come to my arms love" air which made the landlady shove them away out of his reach.

"What do you mean by being on the war-path?" inquired the blonde dress-

maker. "Gunning for a husband-after mat rimonial scalps. I boarded at a private house in Omaha last summer, and the woman who superintended things was only hired by the real owner to run it, but you wouldn't think to look at her but what she owned the whole city, and had a two thirds interest in the bank. She was just old business. She wasn't deuce high for looks, though, so blamed ugly in the face that cats wouldn't stay with us, and we all took a a ten-story dislike to him the minute he squared him self at the table. But he wasn't there mor'n a week before the boys put up a job on him. After meals we used to pick our teeth in the front parlor and loaf around five or ten minutes, and every day wo'd say something about the splendid lay out the landlady had in the way of town property and personal effects, and what a catch she was, and how much money she laid by in the bank every month, and how long she had been a widow; and how economical she was, and suggest that she wouldn't be as bad looking if she would put on a clean dress once in a while, and get some lunar caustic and burn off a couple of seed warts alongside her nose. The postofilee clerk swallowed all this guff like a tripe-eater with a more morbid appetite and gasped for more, and it was as much as five or six could do to keep him fill ed up, he seemed to pine fo. it so much.

"He began to dislike some of us boarders early in the day, he was that jealous of us, and we could hear him muttering to himself going up to his room how that such and such a one of us would have to leave when he came to run ,the house, and when one of us would guy him at the table he would choke up and glare at him as though he wanted to say, 'That's all right now, but you'll have to trot when I hold the ribbons.' Well, the first thing we knowed he popped the question, was accepted on the spot and it leaked out, and we all congratulated the poor devil. and they were married the next Sunday, and right away after the ceremony ackled me, just as I was going down

the front steps, and said: "I guess I'll have to git you to give they handed it over the ship's side and up your room after this week. You it slipped, and then caught in a rope ain't very pretty, any way, no great shakes for utility, and I hate to see you stand around like a bump on a log, and eating like a parcel of swine. Yes, I guess you'll have togo. I can rent the

room easy enough to a gentlemas.'
"I told him he must be drank or crazy; that he hadn's any control over the house, and he said, 'What! You scuffling parasite!' and just then his wife came out, all dressed up in her ancient toggery, with a big carpet sack in her hand and a water-proof cloak on her arm, and said if it was all the same to him tuey would go out and look up some rooms to rent, and then the post-office clerk said What! again, and tried to smile, but he looked sickern' a hoss, and his knee pans rattled together like a window sash in a cyclone.

"The mistress of the house told me," said the new wife, "that I would have to dig out as soon as I got married, but she gave me an old lounge up in the back attic for a weddin' present.'
"Why—why, ain't you the owner of
this house, the landlady?' chattered the

"No, I was only the houskeeper "Well, suffering Lazarus!' said the clerk, 'you've gone and fried a pretty mess of fish, you-you' and he drawed qack to strike her in the face, but I caught his arm, and the boys come out and we rolled him down the sidewalk and kicked him up the street a couple of blocks and left him there to work his way back to the house as best he could Yes, you take a woman on the war-path and she's as deceitful as a house ily in the fruit cake."

A LAWYER POOLED. Eloquenes Which Won an Old Soldier's unte.

rooklyn Eagle. A distinguished company of lawyer at in the supreme court room recent y, talking over old times. Among them was Colonel Charles S. Spencer. He was in his usual happy vein, and

told a new story.
"I was retained," he said, "by a ex-soldier of the war to sue for the recovery of some \$1,800 which he had
loaned to a friend. The late Edwin
James was counsel for the defendant.
I went to work zealously for my client.
James cross-examined the plaintiff in
Lie usual forcible way.

'You loaned him \$1,800?' Mr. James continued. I di t sir,' was the reply.

'It was your own money?' Mr. James ontinued 'it was sir,' my client responded.
'When did you lend the money

vas the next question.
'In July, 1866,' was the reply. 'Where did you get that money, sir? Mr. James asked sternly. 'I carned it, sir.' The words were

said in a meek tone. You earned it, oh! When did you earn it?' asked Mr. James. 'During the war, sir,' was the reply

still in a very humble tone. 'You earned it during the Pray, what was your occupation dur-ing the war?' Mr. James asked. 'Fighting, sir,' the man replied, mo-

'Oh, fighting,' Mr. James said, some-what taken down, and instantly chang-

ing his manner. I smiled triumphantly, and even snickered a little. James was half mad. Well, we went to the jury, and I of course, had the last to say. I sailed away up to glory. I spoke of the war; of the lives and treasures it cost us; of the awful battles that decided the fate of the union; of the self-denial and bravery of our men who left home, and wife, and children, and father and mother, and everything the self-denial trivances are thrown is almost incredible, skillful players sometimes making casts of nearly a quarter of a mile. Should any of the readers of St. that was dear to them, and went forth to fight for fireside and freedom, and and the salvation of the nation. I pointed to the plaintiff as he sat there, still with the same air of humility and even sadness. I said that there was Was the sort of a man who had fought our battles and our flag, and shed his life-blood that we and our children might enjoy, uncurtailed, the glorious blessthe sort of a man who had fought our battles and our flag, and shed his lifeings of freedom wrenched from the hands of the despots by our sires. I come by a little practice and experworked up that jury, and the plaintiff himself drew forth an unpretentious handkerchief and wiped away a tear. I got a verdict for the full amount of

As we were quitting the court room Mr. James said: "Spencer, your war speech gained you the verdict. If you hadn't discovered through my cross-examination that the man had fought in the war,

you would have been beaten. "My friend," I replied, "if you had only asked the man which side he fought on, you might be going home with a verdict. My client was an old

#### An Incident of Gambetta's Downfall.

dareh Century. A trifling circumstance rendered the situation more tense. The Mayor of another for giving her what you with-Belleville, a Gambettist, got up, in the beard concerning any class of the stand in the way of her going, or to complain of another for giving her what you with-head? This kind of cutcry is never beard concerning any class of the stand in the way of her going, or to complain of another for giving her what you with-head? This stand in the interest of his party, a popular banquet in the Lime Tree Garden at Menilmonwas there to explain his policy, in a way to meet the attacks which the press was beginning to make. In the press was beginning to make. In the thinks of questioning his right to go, or invitations, of which about nine hundred were issued, the hour stated was seven o'clock. This was understood to mean half-past seven. But the dinner was not served until after halfpast eight. Gambetta had not come The landlord insisted upon not waiting any longer. Two places were kept vacant at the table of honor. At nine "the guest of the evening" and Spuller entered to fill them. Whether, habituated at the Paiais Bourbon to the dishes of Trompet e, they had grown too dainty for the plain cooking of Menilmontant, or for what other rea son, it does not appear. They had both dined with a few friends at a restaurant. They did not at the banquet even go through the polite comedy of pretending to eat. No apology was offered either at the time, nor afterward in the press; a polite fic through a transparent one, would have calmed irritation. Punctuality, it was remarked sotto voce, was the politeness of kings; but the elect of the million thought themselves higher than born sovereigns. The speech which follow-ed the banquet was listened to with icy coldness. The orator went back to the Petit Bourbon heavy and discontented. He had for ten years given a mighty impulsion in a democratic sense. isters had been made to feel that universal suffrage was everything, and the executive but its instrument. As president of the Budget Committee, he had made them realize that power of the purse was vested in the Chambers, and had hotly contested the position of M. Jules Simon that the Scua-

had a right to amend the budget. He had agitated for revision of the judicial bench, and the democratization of the army. Suddenly he turned round and attempted to push back the torrent which he had set flowing. Its impetus was too great for him to withstand and it has pursued its course, bearing with it other men less renowned.

### An Indian Winter Game.

t. Nicholas for March. The boys of the United States and Canada are indebted to the Indians for a number of their most interesting sports. But while many of their games are well known, the Indians still have others peculiar to themselves, and with which even their near neighbors are but slightly acquainted. Throwing the snow-snake is one of the latter.

The "snow-snake" or "ka-whart." as it is called in the Onondaga dialect is made on the principle of the sleigh-runner, and consists of a long hickory pole or stick. with a slight upward curve and point at one end, while the other is provided with a small noten. The under side is made fist and smooth so as to slip easily over the snow or ice, upon which, when skillfully thrown it will slide for a long distance. make it glide still more easily, under surface is waxed and rubbed with a piece of cloth until beautifully and polished. The pointed end. is furnished with a tip of leather or solder, sometimes of a very fancy de-

The length and weight of the snowsnake varies in proportion to the strength of the person for whose use it is intended. Those made for young poys are not more than four or five feet long, while for larger boys and

young men they range from six to eight feet in length. They are made somewhat tapering, being largest near the curved end, where they are usually about an inch or an inch and a quarter in width; while they diminish gradually until, at the notched end, the width is not more than five-eighths or three-quaters of an inch. In throwor three-quaters of an inch. In throw-ing, the "ka-whant is held at the smaller ond by the thumb and first

and second fingers.

At the Indian Reservation in Onondaga County, New York, where heard along the frozen highway, and the runners of the heavy "bobs" and wood-sleighs have furrowed the roads with deep, polished greoves, the Indian boys are out, following the sleightracks in small parties, throwing the "ka-whant" in the deep ruls, which it follows through every curve, skipping over the lumps of ice and other in equalities, more like a living creature than a plain hickory stick, and suggesting at once the very appropriate name of the "snow-snake." Although the beaten road-way is usually preferred, the snow-snake may be thrown in almost any situation where the snow is firm.

The game, as generally played, is merely a trial of skill between the players. A line being drawn to mark the starting-point, the players step back a few paces. Each grasps his snew-snake, runs forward in his turn to the mark, and, with a vigorous sweep of his arm, sends it sliding and dancing over the snow with the swiftness of an arrow. Each snow-snake bears its owner's mark (an arrow cross, or star), so that he readily recog nizes it, and he whose missile is farthest in advance is declared the winner. In this way a regular champion is chosen. The distance that these con-NICHOLAS attempt this game, they must not be surprised or discouraged if, at the first few trials, their snowsnakes stick their heads through the crust and disappear in the powdery snow beneath, instead of sliding along difficulties of the art can soon be over-

### "Stealing a M:nister-"

We quote the closing sentence from an editorial, entitled "Stealing a Minter," in The Century for Marc

The church that calls a settled min ister is said to be guilty of an act pre-cisely like that of the woman who ires your cook out of your kitchen. But if there is any wrong in this case, it is in the fact that your cook is ignorant and easily imposed upon; that the woman who has coaxed her away offers her no better place, and thus injures you without benefiting your servant. If the servant is able to judge for herself, and knows that she is improving her condition by the change, what right have you to stand in the heard concerning any class of employe save those who are assumed to be untant, the most democratic part of his able to choose wisely for themselves, "arrondissement." The great orator The cashier of a bank, the superintenno good reason why the minister should not be credited with as much judgment, and allowed as much liber y, as is granted to a bank cashier or

a railroad superintendent. There seems, then, to be no other method for a church to pursue, if it wishes to keep its minister, than that which every employer must pursue who wishes to retain a valued servant The church must keep its part of the contract, must see that its minister is not overworked, must cooperate with him in all possible ways, must show him that his labors are appreciated and that his welfare is fairly consider ed. If, after the church has done al this, the minister goes away, common sense will bring the church to one of two conclusions; it will either bow to the providential decree that has rea faithful teacher, or it wil thank Go I that it is rid of a trifler.

## Woman's Right to Educational Privieges.

March Century. The spirit of justice, of course, would rest woman's claim to the nighest edu cational privileges on the human righ to unrestricted growth, for soul above sex that here, as everywhere, the way of justice is the way of expediency. Enlightenment is not in proportion to the amount of know odre on deposit, at any one time; it proportion to its diffusion. Because

of the devotion of the average Ameri-

an to business, the mother and the school-mistress mold the early sensitive years of the child's life to what shape they must. To the kness of the average mother and school-mis-tress for this high task, what wasted powers, what mean ideals, what mis taken views of life bear witness! Ra herschools, and the whole standard of woman's existence is raised. For the higher the few can reach, the higher the many rise. It is her perver e love of beauty which makes won extravagant. It is her uncultive desire for the higher satisfaction art which makes our homes mus of upholstery. It is her unenligate loyalty to the spirit of good wh bids her cling to old abuses that we once uses, to harmful superstitie that were once faiths, and to-day of stitutes her the most conspicuous to progress. Tocqueville says that h ascribes the treachery of some of first leaders in the reform movemen

ing themselves with rings, and of wearing purple robes. To-day they de mand the outlook of a broader humanty, the jewel of high culture, the royalty of knowledge.

Those who, without knowing us enough, think ill of us, do us no wrong; they attack, not us, but the phantom of

#### CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Pretty little snowbirds From the frozen North. Watching to see mamma Shake the table cloth. We will not neglect you, And you know it well; We have crumbs to plenty-Pick then up pell mell.

Pretty little snowbirds, Living in the cold, Covered with gray feathers Never looking old. Only where it's Winter You delight to dwell-What a wondrous story Each of you could tell! A story of that region

Of misery and woe, Where noble Franklin perished Amid the ice and snow; About that frozen country O'er which you fly so free; Of all the mighty wonders Around the frozen sea. Pretty little snowbirds. Soon you'll fly away, When the Spring is near us,

You no longer stay. In eternal Winter. There you love to be-Soon you'll leave us, snowbirds. For the frozen sea.

Mickey, the Monkey,

st. Nicholas for March. Mickey was a white-faced monkey kept by Mr. Thomas Belt, the natura-list, when living in Nicaragua. His master appears to have been much attached to him, and wrote thus pleas-

antly about him: At first, I had Mickey fastened with a light chain; but he managed to open the links and escape several times, and then made straight for the fowls' nests, breaking every egg he could get a hold of. Generally, after being a day or two loose, he would allow himself to be caught again. I tried tying him up with a cord, and afterwards with a raw-hide thong, but had to nail the end, as he could loosen any knot in a few minu es. He would sometimes entangle himself round a pole, to which he was fastened, and then unwind the coils again with the greatest discern-ment. His chain allowed him to swing down below the veranda, but he could not reach the ground.

Sometimes, when there were broods of young ducks about, he would hold out a piece of bread in one hand, and when he had tempted a duckling with-in reach, seize it by the other, and kill it with a bite in the breast. There was such an uproar amongst the owls on these occasions that we soon know what was the matter, and would ru. out and punish Mickey with a switch, so that he was ultimately cured of his poultry-killing propensities. One day, when whip-ping him, I held up the dead duckling in front of him, and at each blow of the ight switch told him to take hold of it;

took the swing and launched it towards clean hearts and genial souls, and the chair, and actually managed to knock broad, hearty impulses, they will not the skins off in the return of the swing. so as to bring them within his reach. him employment. There seem to be He also procured some jelly that was set out to cool in the same way.

Mickey's actions were very humanlike. When any one came near to fondle him, he never naglected the opportunity of pocket-picking. He would pull out letters and quickly take them from their envelopes. Anything eatable disappeared into his mouth immediately. Once he abstracted a small bottle of turpentine from the pocket of our medical officer. He drew the cerk, held it first to one nostril then to the other, made a wry face recorked it and returned it to the doctor. One day, when he got loose, he was detected as he was earrying off the cream jug from the table, holding it upright with both hands, and trying to move off on his hind limbs. He give the jug up without spilling a drop all the time making an apologetic, grunting chuckle, which he often used when found out in any mischief, and when always neant, "I know I have done wrong, but don't punish me; in fact, I did not mean to doit -it was ac-

When, however, he saw he ing to be punished, he would change his tone to a shrill, threatening note, showing his teeth and trying to intimdate. He had quite an extensive vocabulary of sounds, varying from a gruff bark to a shrill whistle; and we when he was hungry, eating, fright-ened or menacing; foubtless one of his own species would have understood various minor shades of intonation and expression that we, not entering into his feelings and wants, passed over as unin el.igible.

One hundred and twenty-three years ago-in the year just before the first observed transit of Venus-there was looking-glass maker in Yedo, who was made happy by the information, "It's a boy." Neighbors and friends rushed in to congratulate Mrs. Middle island. the happy mother whose son Northhouse (Hokusai) was to become the

brush-pen in his hand. He made pic-tures of babies on their mothers' backs, of chubby children playing, of the own-orless wolfish dogs and bob-tailed cats of Yedo. Nearly all the Japanese artists before North-house had painted and screaming out his name, dropped dead at his feet. first leaders in the reform movement only lords and ladies of the court, no-in France to the unhappy influence of bles' costumes and gorgeous silk dress-wives and sisters on husbands and brothers. The claims of the past and their own private interests were more to them than the welfare of the strug-gling millions. Their perspective of the strug-but silken curtains and red temples and

> and so he struck out in a new line. He half a goblet of water; when cool, thickpictured farmers and mechanics, thatched on this with a tablespoonful of corned cottages and shops and markets, starch or arrowroot, which you have

that even the babies understood his drawings, and dyers bought his boo for their patterns. To study some of the dainty pictures dyed into a daimto' lady's skirt, or to read a Japanese fairy tale on a bride's robe, is often to recog-nize Hokusal's pictures reproduced in

Hokusai opened a studio in Yedo in 1810, and labored steadily with the brush until 1849—about five years before Commodore Perry entered the Bay of Yedo. His chief books of pictures are his mangua, or a bums of sketches. Occasionally he made journeys, and the fruits of his travei were his "Hundred Views of Fail Yema." his "Hundred Views of Fuji-Yama,"
besides many pictures of natural
scenery. His drawings are more simple and less finished than ours, but are
much clearer than those of most Japanese draughtsmen, so that, of them all, Hokusai is best understood by

Hokusai is dead, but thousands Japanese still chuckle over his caries tures; and in American metal-worl silverware, wall paper, silk, embroid ery, and a hundred forms of decore tive art, the strokes of his pencil as visible, with a character all their own

- A daimte is a Japanese lord. A Story of Four Boys.

Atlanta Constitution. Four boys, all of one family, name

Green started a few years ago seiling newspapers. They made ten cent apiece on the first morning they wen to work, and for two winters thereaf ter they went, barefooted through the snow and sleet in the freezing dawn. on their morning rounds. From the very first they saved a certain per cent of their earnings, which they wisely invested in Atlanta real estate. The oldest of them is now eighteen years of age and the youngest twelve. They have supported an invalid father and their mother all the time, and now have property worth considerably over \$5,000, houses from which the rent is \$20 a month, and \$200 stock in a building and loan association. They have educated themselves the meanwhile, remaining from school this year in or-der that they might work harder and build a home for their parents that is have a front parlor and a bay window in it. These little fellows have been carriers, newsboys, errand boys and apprentices about the Constitution office, and one of them is now assistant mailing clerk. Their net avings from their sales and salaries, exclusive of their rents, have been \$20 a week for this year. Next year they can do bet-ter and by the time the oldest of the

prothers is of age they ought to have a comfortable little fortune. What these boys have done other boys can do. The whole secret is steadiness, sobriety, in the try and economy. There are few i--- ns more important for boys than that the smallest amount, no matter how little it may be -will make a great fortune if it is only saved and a man will live inside of it, and compound his surplus. It must have been discouraging to these young-sters when it took them a month to law light switch told him to take hold of it; and at last, much to my surprise, he did so taking it and holding it trembling in one hand.

He would draw things towards him with a stick, and ever used a swing for the same purpose. It had been put up for the children, and could be reached by Mickey, who now and then indulged himself in a swing onit. One day I had put down some bird-skins on a chair to dry, far beyond, as I thought, Mickey's reach, but, fertile in expedients, he took the swing and launched it towards sixty when it took them a month to lay up \$1 and it was heroic in them when footed over frozen ground rather than use it to buy shoes with. It is easy now, when they are comfortably clac and housed, and every body about them is comfortable, and their saving amount to twenty times a week more than they were formerly able to save in a month. They have conquered life almost before they have fairly entered it, and if they will only keep to save the swing and launched it towards.

# Romance in Real Life

A story comes from St. Louis which, f incorporated in drama or novel, would be pronounced improbable. Nearly thirty years ago, Pauline Hulett and Charles Gavin were married in Detroit, both being very young. Short-ly afterward Charles wandered away, and was next heard of in a New York penitentiary, later as an immate of an Ohio prison, after which he disappear ed from the knowledge of his family who were reputable people. In the meantime the wife had formed low associations, and was in rather bad repute. She drifted to at. Louis, and here married a wealthy citizen named Waddingham. In less than a year her learning of her previous bad character but not of her former marriage, separated from her, and for over twent years has supplied her with an incom of \$100 per month. Recently he learned, by accident, that the first husband was living, and spent much money in the effort to find him. The woman denied the first marriage, claiming that Gavin's wife had been a coasin of her own, who much resembled her. On Monday last she entered the office of Waddingham's attorney, according to previous appointment, and was con fronted by a strange man, who stood facing the door and looking steadily at her. At sight of him a pallor spread could tell by them without seeing him, over her features, the eyes dilated, the muscles about her mouth began to twitch. She threw up her hands despairingly, crying "Charles! Cnarles! Cnarles!" and staggering a few steps fell on the carpet in a hysterical fit. The man betrayed no sign of recognition, and neither spoke nor moved, while the others hastened to her to raise her up and throw water on her face. Having been restored to consciousness, she looked quickly about at the stranger and whispered, fearfully, "I thought he was dead." The man was indeed the missing Gavin, and her recognition of him was all that

was desired. In order to put his identity beyond most famous artist in Japan.

As the boy grow up he was fond of drawing, and always had a pencil or er, in Detroit, who had believed her son dead for many years. In company with a witness he was ushered into the room where the aged lady sat. She arose to receive them, but at the same

COTTAGE PUDDING. A cottage pudding is an inexpensive dish, and if these directions are followed in maktheir own private interests were more to them than the welfare of the struggling millions. Their perspective was in fault. But when a thorough culture and a trained judgment are added to common parts, were what one saw on the "superlunary virtues" of women, those accusations must fall.

In the time of old Cato the women raised an insurrection to obtain the privilege of riding In charlots, of decking themselves with rings, and of a lemon boil for fifteen minutes in the properties of the struggling millions. Their perspective was but silken curtains and red temples and ing it, the pudding will be light and ing it the pudding will be light and ing it the pudding will be li pack-horses and street dogs, and every-thing in humble life. He especially entered into the juvenile world.—which is only as high as a yard-stick,—and while his brother artists soared into the mountains and clouds Hokusia kept on the ground, with the result